

THE
CANDIDATE;
A F A R C E.
IN TWO ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED, WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE,

AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL
IN THE
HAY-MARKET.

BY
JOHN DENT.

L O N D O N.

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THE NATIONAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL ARCHIVES

WASHINGTON, D. C.

EXHIBIT 1

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

SIR WATKIN LEWES.

SIR,

IF I can possibly take any little pride in the following sheets, it is that they afford me an opportunity of expressing my admiration of your public character.

There are those, Sir, amongst the Patriots of our Country, of whose merit and services the world have been more susceptible; but none, I will venture to say, have been more deserving. While men of the first rank and situation in life have been lamenting the abuse of our Constitution, *your* time and *your* fortune have been equally lavished in removing it. No one, even amongst

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the proudest names of the day, can boast a more distinguished sacrifice at the shrine of Patriotism, and you have the satisfaction of being one of the few, who have neither received nor courted any other return, than the uninfluenced applause of a grateful people.

I wish, Sir, I had a better passport to your notice, than the Farce I have the honour of laying at your feet, can possibly be thought to procure me, but I have ventured to hope you would excuse it, in the anxiety I feel to seize the *first* opportunity to tell you how much I am,

S I R,

Your most obedient,

Most devoted,

And very humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

Bow-Street, August 12, 1782.

P R O L O G U E

THE Author would lay himself open to the most direct charge of ingratitude, could he possibly think, for a single moment, of suffering THE CANDIDATE to meet the public eye, without first acknowledging the readiness with which Mr. COLMAN was pleased to receive it, and the very kind and essential manner in which he contributed towards the success it has had.

P R O L O G U E

Spoken by Mr. PALMER,

Reading the Play-Bill of the Day.

THE Candidate ! Why, that's the general aim,
All Candidates for Int'rest, Love, or Fame ;
Throughout this life, where'er the prospect's laid,
The world itself of Candidates is made.
E'en here, each row exhibits in the Pit,
And Boxes too, some Candidate for wit.
Our friends above love laugh and equivocate,
A bit of taudry, and a damn'd good joke.

The gouty dotard tott'ring out of life,
His crutches throws aside, and bribes a wife.
Nay, each Church-living an Election is,
Where the fat Rector with carbuncled phiz,
(While the poor Curate dines on scanty platter)
Another living craves to make him fatter.
We yet have Candidates in plenteous store,
Church-wardens feast themselves, and starve the poor ;
Their Worships too, with learned hum, and ha !
Are Candidates to deal out penal law.
Crown law they know ; and with such zeal pursue,
They make it half-crown law, and shilling too,
Twelve-pence the warrant, twelve-pence more the oath,
The Clerk receives—their Worships pocket both.

In physic many Candidates we meet,
That bring the dead to life in ev'ry street ;

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P R O L O G U E.

A Candidate half lost in smoke and vapour,
Great Katter-devil fills the morning paper.
“Wonders” he cries, “Good peoples, wonders, wonders,”
“My solar microscope, hails, rains, and tunders.”

But, see, where nobler Candidates appear !
Our Queen, enthron'd in truth, reigns Sov'reign here,
And clear of soul, pure as the turtle dove,
Shines the first Candidate for wedded love.
Next generous Candidates fair Fame pursue,
Rodney, and Hood, and Howe—young William too !
Oh, may they never damp their glorious flame,
Till Heaven and Victory confirm their Fame.

Another Candidate to night appears,
New to the scene, and yet but green in years,
Buoy'd up with hopes, but full of doubts and fears. }
Fain wou'd he speak, but terror strikes him dumb,
No orator, alas ! but Orator Mum !
Me to the hustings then perforce he draws,
To canvass for your votes, and kind applause :
If I succeed, and save him from rejection,
The play'rs shall chair him after the Election.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir Gregory Gander,	-	Mr. Parsons.
Negus,	-	Mr. Wilson.
Captain Allspice,	-	Mr. Staunton.
Serjeant Glib,	-	Mr. Bannister.
Wrinkle,	-	Mr. Swords.
Harry,	-	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Twilight,	-	Mr. Maffey.
Cook,	-	Mr. Wewitzer.
Town Clerk,	-	Mr. Davis.

Sexton, Waiters, &c.

W O M E N.

Maria,	-	Mrs. Lloyd.
Sally,	-	Miss Kirby;

T H E
C A N D I D A T E.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

SCENE, *the Country, with an Inn in view.*

MARIA and SALLY.

Sally.

INDEED I am glad to my very heart to see my young mistress back again; though I could weep my eyes out, that Mr. Hilary, poor gentleman, has been obliged to leave you. I'm sure I've sat in the bar and looked at him for hours together, he was such a dear, sweet-tempered creature.

Maria. Fie, Sally! I shall begin to be jealous of you, if you run on at this rate.

Sally. Laud, Madam, I'm sure there's no need of that. I never had above a couple of kisses from him in all my life; and if I had set up but half your's, even the parson's milk score wou'd not have near so many chalks. If I was to live with you for ever, I'd scorn to do an uncivil thing by you.

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Maria.

Maria. Well, I intend to put your fidelity to the trial, I assure you, for *you* bar maids have so much vanity, and are so ogled at by all the pretty fellows that frequent a tavern, inn, or coffee-house, that no man can look at you but he must instantly be thought in love.

Sally. Why, to be sure, Madam, we are in general tolerably handsome; but if I could win Mr. Hilary from you a thousand times, I'm sure I wou'dn't do it.

Maria. That's a good girl; and now you have put me out of all fear of a rival, I trust a very little time will enable Mr. Hilary to take me to his home again.

Sally. Pray Heaven it may! for its a sad thing to be separated from him after living so long together; and Sir Gregory Gander is an ill-natured, good for nothing old fellow to stop the annuity of 300l. his ward, Mr. Hilary, allowed you, especially as his guardian will have to pay him a fortune of twenty thousand pounds when he comes of age. I protest, Madam, I would have told Sir Gregory of it, if I had been you, before I left Gosling-Castle, that's what I would.

Maria. That Sally, would at once have defeated my purpose. As Sir Gregory had never seen me before, I was determined the visit I made in the old gentleman's neighbourhood should turn to some account; and finding in him a more than common partiality for me, at the assize ball, I embraced the opportunity, and made no scruple of properly encouraging it.

Sally. Laud, Madam, and how did he take it?

Maria. Oh, the creature made downright love to me, and even offered his hand in marriage,
pro-

vided my papa's consent could be obtained, for which purpose I have invited him hither.

Sally. But, sure, Madam, you would not marry Sir Gregory, with his April face, and gouty legs; he's the crosslest old man that ever lived, and Mr. Hilary has often told me a lemon is not half so sour.

Maria. But the use I mean to make of this will be the sweetest one in the world, by causing him to secure to me the annuity Mr. Hilary settled upon me, but which his guardian, Sir Gregory, refuses to pay any longer to my order.

Sally. So, your regard for him then is only a pretended one?

Maria. Nothing more; and to make my scheme succeed the better, I have given Sir Gregory to understand, that I am a young lady with a fortune of twenty thousand pounds.

Sally. But do you think he can be made to believe it, when your father is nothing more than the keeper of an inn?

Maria. But Sir Gregory shall know nothing of that; I have invited him to it as the private mansion of Mr. Negus.

Sally. And do you think it will pass upon him?

Maria. Most certainly. Hotels and inns are now abundantly superior, in point of taste and elegance, to the houses of those that use them. Why, 'twas but the week before last, I read in the London papers that my Lady Balto invited the Countess of Glitter and her family, in Bath, to pass a few days with her in Pall-Mall, and, would you believe it, they were four whole days and nights together before they knew of its being a hotel. Besides, Sir Gregory was never five miles from his estate in all his life.

THE CANDIDATE.

Sally. Why, to be sure the sign has been removed for a fresh painting [*pointing to the house*]. But do you think he can be made to believe that so handsome a young lady can be in love with him?

Maria. Oh, he'll believe any thing, though he holds it impossible for any one to deceive him; vanity is his reigning foible, and it requires but little art and persuasion to make him believe a pretty girl is in love with him. And, as to Mr. Negus, I have told Sir Gregory that he was formerly a waiter in Pall-Mall, though at present in Parliament, and possessed of a large fortune; that still retaining the dregs of his former situation, he is very frequently to be seen about the house with a napkin just peeping out of his pocket, while his language, from the pride he feels as a senator, and the influence he possesses, is continually upon the borough, and its elections.

Sally. Laud, Madam, that will do charmingly!

Maria. And then I have made my papa believe that Sir Gregory comes to offer himself as a candidate, on the present vacancy, for a Member of Parliament for the borough of Swallowell, in opposition to Captain Allspice, who you know has been some time canvassing the electors.

Sally. But won't you let Mr. Hilary, Madam, know of it?

Maria. By no means; his delicacy would never let him consent to my scheme, tho' the success of it cannot possibly incur his displeasure. As to Sir Gregory, he does not mind his being affronted, as he is sure never to get a farthing from him before it is his due.

Sally. We must hope every thing for the best.

Maria.

THE CANDIDATE.

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Maria. But we haven't a moment to spare—
Sir Gregory by this time must have arrived.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The inside of the Inn.

NEGUS, HARRY, and several other WAITERS.

Negus. Sir Gregory Gander arrived, d'ye say?

Harry. This very moment, Sir.

1st Waiter. One might tell by his equipage,
that he came here to put up for Parliament Man.

2d Waiter. This affair will make us all alive,
Sir.

Negus. Well, mind your hits, and all our turns
may be served. These contested elections are the
very spirit of the Constitution, and make every
thing full of life and vigour. Now, be sure,
d'ye hear? that you are, all of you, very civil
and attentive, and don't stand upon throwing
in three or four dozen of bows extraordinary;
Sir Gregory is a very rich and worthy man, tho'
a little proud, or so, but no matter for that, take
care of your P's and Q's, and this affair may put
something handsome in your pockets. [*bell rings*]
Odso, run, Harry—Will—Thomas—and shew
Sir Gregory into the pea-green and silver dining-
room, while I go and put on my best suit.

[*Exeunt Negus and Servants in haste.*]

SCENE III.

Another Room.

Enter Sir GREGORY GANDER and TWILIGHT.

Sir Greg. So, this is a mighty pretty sort of a
house that Mr. Negus has got here, and if one
may

may judge from the route I have taken to come hither, there are as many rooms in it as cells in a beehive. Twilight!

Twilight. Sir!

Sir Greg. You're a fool.

Twilight. Yes, your honour, I was born one.

Sir Greg. And will die one, I warrant you.—

Well, we are not all equally wise and sagacious, as my poor father used to say, who was a prodigy, indeed, and wou'dn't let me go to school to learn any thing, till I was turn'd of twenty, for fear I should forget what I should have been taught before I became a man. He had his ways to be sure, but I have reaped vast benefit from them—I can see any thing before me now, as with a microscope, and would challenge all the world to deceive me, though it were with a tale that would have imposed upon King Solomon himself—but this is losing time. Go, Twilight, and get my cloaths properly laid out; and, dy'e hear? enquire for a taylor, of some of the servants, in order that I may have my best suit done round with a pretty narrow silver lace.

Twilight. Yes, your honour. [*Exit Twilight.*]

Sir Greg. Now, there's a numscull for you. Damn me, I only sent him t'other day for a *Forte Piano*, just for a neice of mine to amuse me with a tune or two, and may I never be married, if the rogue didn't go to the Commanding Officer of the militia, and instead of a *Forte Piano*, ordered *Forty Poniers* to be sent to my house directly. So, who the Devil have we here?

[*Harry is seen conducting the Aldermen of the Corporation across the stage.*]

Harry. This way, your worships—this way, if you please.

[*Exeunt.*]

Sir

Sir Greg. Hey day ! we have got some grand visitors here. Why, surely, my friend Negus, doesn't mean to conclude the marriage directly, and have the corporation to dine with us.—Oh, here the young spark returns [*enter Harry.*] I shall make bold though to pump him a little—he's the Butler, I suppose, and they are always in the secrets of a family.—Hark'ye, Mr. Whatdy'e-call-um. Ha ! [*looking earnestly at him.*] I think I should know that face—prith'ee, my friend, haven't I seen you before ?

Harry. So, so, 'tis the old Gentleman, as I hope to live (*aside.*) Why, yes, your honour, don't you remember me, when I was at Gosling-Castle on an errand to you from your brother in Thames-Street ? Many hundred gallons of good Coniac have I booked in his service.

Sir Greg. And what the devil brought you here ? didn't my brother write me word, that you had turned author ?

Harry. Sir ! another week in that line would totally have ruined me.

Sir Greg. Pray, what might have been the employment you tried your hand at ?

Harry. Various, Sir, as the news of the day. One of the morning papers sent me to the House of Commons to collect the debates.

Sir Greg. And how did you succeed ?

Harry. Most horridly, Sir. The very first-week I went down, I created no less than three Earls, a couple of Baronets, and half a dozen Knights, for want of knowing the members names ; besides this, Sir, I unfortunately made a flaming patriot deliver an elegant harrangue in favour of Administration ; and as unluckily gave a most beautiful speech to a distinguished orator,
that

that happened at the same time to be in the north of Scotland.

Sir Greg. A devil of a mistake, to be sure.

Harry. Yes, Sir, in other respects I could have done pretty tolerably. I had a happy knack, for instance, in hitting off a speaker's style, and a memory that let nothing run through it, and could given seven or eight columns, when every thing said in the House could not have been supposed the fifth part of it.

Sir Greg. Very clever, upon my soul.

Harry. Why, there was Sir Peter Pepper, Sir—You have heard of Sir Peter Pepper?—He only threw out half a dozen words on the Hodge-Podge Bill, and I made shift, with a gentle puff or two of my literary bellows, to swell it out into a column and a half, with a promise of the remainder in the course of a day or two.

Sir Greg. It was unlucky though you failed in your outset—but you soon found some other way, I suppose, to exercise your talents in?

Harry. Yes, Sir, from the Houses of Parliament I got to the Playhouses, where I figured away with no small *eclat*, for some time, under the head of Theatrical Intelligence, till I got my discharge from the Editor, for writing a flaming panegyric on Mr. Bannister's performance of Polly in the Beggar's Opera, at the very time that performer lay ill in bed, in consequence of a tumble from his horse at Newmarket.

Sir Greg. That was unfortunate, indeed.

Harry. I was then obliged to take up with writing sixpenny paragraphs; and in less than a week made half a dozen fires, fractured twenty legs and arms, smashed two-and-thirty E O tables,
overfer

overfet two boats on the River Thames, threw half a score children out of a two-pair-of-stairs window, and tossed three fat Alderman with a mad ox.

Sir Greg. Mercy on us!

Harry. But here, Sir, my conscience hurt me, and I left the drudgery of my profession for that your Honour has found me in.

Sir Greg. So, you have entirely left off writing then?

Harry. Except, Sir, a *Bill* now and then.

Sir Greg. A *Bill*! Oh, for his master to carry into Parliament, I suppose. Well, Mr. Harry, you'll let your master know that I wait upon him.

Harry. My master, Sir, would have waited upon your honour before now, but the truth is, we are hardly up before it is noon.

Sir Greg. Ha! what, so much company, I suppose?

Harry. No, Sir, not for the matter of that, but they stay so confounded late always. It was four o'clock this morning before we went to bed.

Sir Greg. Why, your master, at this rate, keeps pretty hours, indeed.

Harry. Not he, Sir. He generally sneaks away to bed about twelve o'clock, and leaves us to manage the company—we have got the Mayor and Alderman to-day.

Sir Greg. And what, pray, does your master now intend that I should dine with them?

Harry. I can't tell, Sir. It's usual for them to dine by themselves. The old gentleman wants to put himself into company, I see (*aside.*)

Sir Greg. The devil it is—and, pray, does your master intend to be with them?

C

Harry.

Harry. Most undoubtedly, Sir; they always dine here once a month, and my master wou'dn't affront 'em for all he's worth.

Sir Greg. These Parliament men, I believe, are acquainted with all the world (*half aside.*)

Harry. Has your honour any commands for me?

Sir Greg. Only to let Mr. Negus know that I'm impatient to see him.

Harry. Oh, here is my master himself, Sir.

[*Exit Harry.*]

Enter NEGUS.

Sir Greg. My dear, Mr. Negus, I am your most obedient, very humble servant, and rejoice exceedingly at the happiness, the joy and felicity, this very fortunate meeting impresses me with—these people like a deal of ceremony (*aside.*)

Negus. I may set down this complaisance to the account of the election (*aside.*) Give me leave to assure you, Sir Gregory, that I esteem this visit a very great honour done me.

Sir Greg. You see I have lost no time in waiting on you.

Negus. You have done very right, Sir Gregory; first come, first served, as they say at an election.

Sir Greg. Yes, he's beginning I see (*aside.*) Well, Mr. Negus, we'll e'en sit down and talk over the preliminaries.

Negus. If you please, Sir (*they sit down at a table.*)

Sir Greg. Well, Mr. Negus, I am come to offer myself a candidate, you see.

Negus. And I heartily wish you success, Sir!

Sir Greg. Provided it can be obtained by the free voice of the constituent, Mr. Negus, for I hate

hate all bribery and influence—I must talk to him in his own way I see, (*Aside.*)

Negus. I hope you stand too fair, Sir Gregory, to be in need of using any, and, to say the truth, any man might think it an honour to be chosen for the borough you have in view.

Sir Greg. Well, Mr. Negus, if you please, we'll just settle such articles as may be necessary between us!

Negus. Articles, Sir.

Sir Greg. Why, yes, I should like to have it stipulated what sum I am to pay.

Negus. I have no doubt, Sir Gregory, of your honour—I dare say you'll do every thing right and handsome, your word will be quite sufficient.

Sir Greg. You'll excuse me, Mr. Negus, we must come to an agreement.

Negus. Well, since he insists on my asking money, I may as well ask enough (*aside.*) You'll not think a thousand pounds too much, Sir Gregory?

Sir Greg. A thousand pounds! damn it, I thought he would have had ten times the sum for such a fortune, but I must seem to demur (*aside.*) Why, a thousand pounds, Mr. Negus, is a great deal of money as times go. But will you undertake now, upon my paying down the sum, to put me into complete possession?

Negus. I will.

Sir Greg. Say you so; why then give me your hand, Mr. Negus, we'll dispatch this business as soon as you please—there is nothing like striking while the iron's hot (*aside.*)

Negus. With all my heart, Sir.—Mr. Serjeant Glib will be here in a few minutes, and if you please, he may as well settle this affair between us.

Sir Greg. He's your friend, Mr. Negus, but I have no manner of objection to any one that will make the bargain fast.—I shall take care of that though (*aside.*)

Negus. I am very happy, Sir Gregory, we have come so soon to an understanding, and hope it will turn out to both our interests. During your stay here, I beg you will consider every thing at your command, and as to carriages, they are ready for you and your company at a moment's notice, from a coach and six, down to a post chaise, buggy, or a gig.

Sir Greg. Well, Mr. Negus, I don't care how soon we put an end to the business, for I suppose you will be obliged to attend pretty closely as soon as the house opens.

Negus. Why, yes, Sir Gregory, we shall be pretty busy as soon as the house opens—your thousand pounds will stand the brunt of a good deal of eating and drinking (*aside.*)

Sir Greg. I am told, Mr. Negus, that you have a great deal of influence in the house, and speak well.

Negus. A great deal of influence in the house! It would be very hard if I hadn't. Why, yes, Sir Gregory, I hope I can *speak* when there's occasion—I shou'd be sorry if I could not.

Sir Greg. Well, I should be glad to see your daughter, if you please, Mr. Negus.

Negus. See my daughter, Sir!—What the devil can he want with her (*aside.*)

Sir Greg. Yes, directly. I'm impatient to see her.

Negus. Well, well, if he thinks my daughter's interest worth a bribe, I'll not stand to oppose
it

it (*aside*). This way if you please, Sir Gregory, and I'll introduce you to Maria. [*Exeunt*]

S C E N E. IV.

Enter Mr. Serjeant GLIB, followed by HARRY.

Serjeant. Let Sir Gregory Gander know, dy'e hear? that Mr. Serjeant Glib waits upon him according to your master's appointment, and here, sirrah, take this gown of mine, (*gives his gown to Harry*) and put it by, I have no occasion for it to make *me* known.

Harry. I'd not have so much pride for the best inn in town. [*aside and going*]

Serjeant. And here, hark'ye, Mr. take this nosegay, and put it in water. And d'ye hear? don't let my brother Flower steal it—but be sure you let me have it in the morning, before I go into court. [*Exit Serjeant*]

Harry. Damn me, I wish there was an end of all roguery, if it was only to put you out of bread. [*Exit Harry*]

S C E N E. V.

A former Room.

Sir GREGORY and MARIA.

Maria. Indeed, Sir Gregory, my heart has been yours ever since you honoured me with your hand at the assize ball; in your very first step in the Devonshire minuet, there was a grace, a bewitching something that touched me nearly, but your cotillion with Mr. and Mrs. Heavysides, and

and Lady Rotunda, made an entire conquest of me.

Sir Greg. Sweet pretty rogue! true love, as the poets say, is always reciprocal. I shall never forget how you blazed in the ball room, and then the sweet parting kiss you gave me—zounds, I have been for all the world as if I had a lump of barley sugar in my mouth ever since.

Maria. Oh, fie, Sir Gregory, you flatter me.

Sir Greg. No, I don't—I don't upon my soul—I'm up to the very ears in love with you.

Maria. I'm very glad then you have come so opportunely (*sighs.*)

Sir Greg. Ha, what, nothing to make you uneasy, I hope, Maria?

Maria. No, Sir, only I was afraid you'd forget me, and so I was thinking of going into a nunnery—that was all (*pretends to weep.*)

Sir Greg. Dear, little creature! a nunnery! zounds, I'd have battered down the gates about their ears—but I hope, Maria, you have nothing to vex you now?

Maria. I shall have nothing, Sir Gregory, when you have given me your hand, for though my papa has always a carriage and servants at my command, and indulges me with every gaiety in life, I have had a sad moping time on't, thinking of you, whom I could adore for ever, if you had'nt a farthing in the world.—Heaven forgive me, for fibbing (*aside.*)

Sir Greg. Pretty Soul! how she does doat upon me (*aside.*) Well, Maria, it shall be so no longer—Papa and I have settled every thing.

Maria. Have you?

Sir Greg. Yes, we have settled every thing, and to shew you how fairly and honourably I mean,

mean, and how incomprehensibly I love and doat upon you, I have agreed to pay down as a settlement upon you—that is in consideration of your twenty-thousand pounds—the sum of ten hundred pounds sterling.

Maria. Indeed, Sir Gregory!—but I hope to be a match for you (*aside.*)

Sir Greg. Ten hundred pounds! yes, there is nothing opens the heart and purse so much as love. A thousand pounds will be a great deal more than you can ever want; its a great deal of money, and as to the rest of our fortune, why, what signifies it, whether it is in your hands or mine?

Maria. Very true, Sir Gregory; besides, by being in yours, its not unlikely but you may improve it.

Sir Greg. What a sensible little thing it is—Very true, Maria, and I mean to improve it very quickly. You must know, my dear, that I have an ungracious young rogue of a ward, who has the impudence to charge me with keeping him out of possession of the greatest part of his fortune, though I have agreed, that is verbally, to advance him three hundred pounds a year to enable him to pay an annuity to a cast-off mistress.

Maria. Indeed, Sir, it's a pity so much money should be thrown away.

Sir Greg. It is, indeed, and so I intend to stop it in future. Three hundred a year won't make our fortune a bit the worse, Maria.

Maria. I have no patience with him! (*aside*) But won't this stopping payment, Sir Gregory, distress this unfortunate female, who, notwithstanding her error, may be enabled by it to avoid exposing

exposing herself to the disgrace and reproaches of the world?

Sir Greg. Egad, I never thought of that; besides, what right has she to stand upon her reputation? a little, dirty, ill-bred, unmannerly drab.

Maria. Indeed, Sir Gregory! (*agitated.*)

Sir Greg. O yes, quite a drab—and as ugly as the devil.

Maria. This is very agreeable, to be sure; but I hope to be a match for you (*aside.*)

Sir Greg. But, come, Maria—do you go, and prepare for the wedding, for I expect the lawyer here in a few minutes to make every thing as fast as love can wish'em.

Maria. Till then, Sir Gregory, adieu!

[*Exit Maria.*]

Sir Greg. What a damn'd happy dog I shall be! Let me see—I am likely to make this affair turn out to a very pretty account. Twenty thousand pounds is not to be trifled with; its a good round sum, and will enable me to purchase the whole neighbourhood of Gosling-castle.

Enter NEGUS.

Negus. I have taken the liberty to introduce the Sexton and Mr. Bobbin, the haberdasher, as I suppose, Sir Gregory, you mean to set the bells a ringing, and to have favours distributed.

Sir Greg. Ha, why, will that be necessary? its very expensive, I'm sure (*aside.*)

Negus. Quite so, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Why, then, if you please, we must e'en have 'em

Sexton. We'll give your Honour a peal that shall shake the very town.

Bobbin.

Bobbin. And some of the prettiest favors that can be procured. [*Exeunt Sexton and Bobbin.*]

Sir Greg. This is a damn'd expence tho'. [*Aside.*]

Negus. Oh, Sir Gregory, give me leave to introduce Mr. Town-Clerk to the honour of your notice.

Enter Town-Clerk.

Sir Greg. Sir, your most obedient, humble servant.—Why, what the devil can he have to say to me! [*Aside.*]

Town Clerk. I have the honour, Sir Gregory, to wait on you from the mayor and aldermen, with their hearty welcome to this borough, and am directed to request they may have the honor of being admitted to your company this evening.

Sir Greg. Sir, I am exceedingly flattered by their message.

Town-Clerk. And, in the mean time, have ordered me to wait on you with the freedom of the corporation, in a mahogany box.

Sir Greg. Why, now, this is monstrous polite of them indeed. Sir, will you be pleased to make my respects to the mayor and aldermen, and intreat 'em to do me the honor of supping with me, on a mahogany table.

Town Clerk. I shall be sure, Sir, to make a faithful report of your answer. [*Exit Town Clerk.*]

Sir Greg. Well, Mr. Negus, I presume I am obliged to you for this honor?

Negus. Why, Sir, the corporation and I have always had a good understanding upon these occasions, and I have no doubt of their good wishes for your success. I suppose, Sir, you intend ordering them a good supper?

D

Sir

Sir Greg. Why, yes, they must have a supper; but that I leave to you, Mr. Negus.

Negus. Sir, if you please I'd rather send in the cook; he shall show you what's in the house, and then you will be the better enabled to judge what to have. *[Exit Negus.]*

Sir Greg. I protest I never met with such civilities in all my life; but a gentleman will always behave like one.

Enter Cook, with a bill of fare.

Cook. I do myself de honeur of waiting upon you as de premier cook of de kitchen, vid de grand bill of fare, which, *en vérité*, vou'd reach almost from Dover to Calais, and all de vay back again. I hope, Sir, you will find every ting *en raison*, and ver cood, and vil be served up in von, deux, tree minutes, as hot as de diable.

Sir Greg. My friend Mr. Negus, Sir, is prodigiously honored in having a gentleman of your country to serve him—but, zounds, you talk neither French nor English.

Cook. Ver true, Sir. I talk de Englis fort bien, and de French much better; but first I offront de Englis, and den de French; so begar I talk a liddel of both, and neither von nor de oder. *[Presents a bill of fare.]*

Sir Greg. Bill of fare! and as long too as the siege of Gibraltar—here's so many things, there's no knowing which to have; so, d'ye hear, Mr. Cook, let us have the whole bill of fare.

Cook. La diable! the whole bill of fare!

Sir Greg. Yes, every article in it, down from the mock turtle and gravy soup to tarts, jellies, cream cheese, and radishes. *[Exit Sir Gregory.]*

Cook. Begar, dis ver drole!

Enter

Enter Negus.

Negus. Well, what directions has Sir Gregory given you?

Cook. He vil have de whole bill of fare.

Negus. You surprize me—but Sir Gregory must be obey'd. Well, now mind that you don't spare for seasoning. Let your Kian be plentifully sprinkled, and every thing made nice and relishing, and the mayor and aldermen, I warrant you, will drink like fishes.

Cook. Begar I vil pepper dem. [*Exit Cook.*]

Negus. That's a good man. Here, Harry, Will, Tom—where are you all! [*several Waiters enter.*] Here, my lads, get the table spread in the grand drawing-room, for the mayor and aldermen; and let some of the best Champagne and Burgundy be got ready—and, d'ye hear? plenty of it—[*Waiters going*!—and, d'ye hear? [*Waiters return*!—let them have some music—a couple of clarinets, a good hautboy, and a French-horn.

Waiter. Yes, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the First Act.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

*A Room.**Enter WRINKLE and MARIA.**Maria.*

INDEED, Mr. Wrinkle, you'll do me a great service in getting Sir Gregory to sign the instrument

Wrin. Great service! Why we live, don't we, to oblige one another? and I tell you, Miss Maria, I'll take care to settle the matter properly with Serjeant Glib. Sir Gregory Gander shall put his hand to as good a bond as ever came into Westminster Hall, for securing you your annuity of three hundred pounds a-year, and without the least suspicion. It is now the thirtieth year that I have attended the circuit, and I hope I know a trifle, or two, as well as my neighbours.

Mar. 'Twould be a sad thing, indeed, for you to be put out of countenance.

Wrin. And yet, Madam, let me tell you, that is pretty often the case.—Why there's my friend, Fairface, now, egad, he'll dart upon a piece of roguery like a flash of light'ning, and before he's paid a farthing for it. Oh, I've no patience with fellows that are knaves, merely
for

for the pleasure of being so. It's monstrous wicked, and I can't do it.

Mar. I understand you, Sir, and beg your acceptance of this note. *(Gives a note.)*

Wrin. You may conclude the business done. I would do any thing to serve you *(putting the note in his pocket)* I have had a great deal of money out of this house, and hope to have a great deal more before I have done with it.

[Exit.]

Enter SIR GREGORY.

Now where is this numskull of mine, I shall never have this binding put on in time.

Enter HARRY *in haste, with a plate, &c.*

Wait. I beg your honour's pardon—your dumplin's nice and hot.

Sir Greg. My Dumplin!

Wait. Yes, your honour, made of the very best suet, and as greasy as an Alderman's chin at a corporation feast; we'd challenge the whole town, Sir, for a dumplin.

Sir Greg. Damn your dumplin! I wish it was stuck in your throat with all my soul.

Wait. Sir,

Sir Greg. Will you please, Sir, to march off?

Wait. Wou'dn't you choose to have the dumplin, Sir?

Sir Greg. Damn me, firrah, please to dump-lin off, or I'll break every bone in your skin!

[Exit Harry.]

Enter

Enter Waiter conducting in Mr. Serjeant GLIB.

Wait. This is Sir Gregory Gander, Sir.

[Exit Waiter.]

Serj. Sir, your most obedient humble servant.

Sir Greg. Sir, I am your's.

Serj. I hope, Sir, I have not made you wait, for at this assize time, we are so extremely busy, it would be impossible to attend our appointments with any degree of punctuality, either as to time, or place.

Sir Greg. Very true, Sir, who the devil have we got here? *(aside)*

Serj. I have, however, done myself the honour of waiting upon you the very moment I dispatched the suit in hand.

Serj. Greg. Oh, it's the taylor, I see! *(aside.)*

Serj. 'Till which time it would have been impossible to have stirred hand or foot, as the whole court were waiting the finishing it.

Sir Greg. The whole court! oh he works, I suppose, for the judges. *(aside.)*

Serj. And finding the master of the house to be *non est inventus*, why, I thought it best to break in upon you, without further loss of time,

Sir Greg. If his needle goes but half as quick as his tongue, he's a devilish clever fellow. *[aside.]*

Serj. I understand, Sir, that you wish to have your business dispatch'd without any delay, or interruption.

Sir Greg. Immediately, Sir.

Serj. Why,

Serj. Why, Sir, I believe there is no one of the profession can execute your commands with greater expedition—but must you really have your business compleated to day?

Sir Greg. I must, indeed, there is no delaying it.

Serj. Sir, you shall be served then—tho' I have not had the honour of a very long attendance upon the bench.

Sir Greg. The bench! that's a polite word, I suppose, for a taylor's shopboard (*half aside*.)

Serj. Few people, I believe, have done more business; this session, indeed, han't cut me out a great deal of work, but the last assizes gave me some very pretty jobs. Two highwaymen, a shoplifter, and a fellow for stealing the justice's pig, all to myself.

Sir Greg. Why, you have had some very pretty customers, let me tell you.

Serj. Customers! (*half aside*) Yes, pretty well, they were all hang'd tho' afterwards; but no matter for that, 'twas all the same to me.

Sir Greg. You got your money I suppose as soon as you had done your work?

Serj. A very ill-bred fellow as ever I met with; (*aside*) it's always a rule, Sir, with us to take our money before hand.

Sir Greg. Which is more than the taylors of London do I believe (*aside*) Why yes, but you lost two or three customers by it?

Serj. That, indeed, was just as it might have happen'd, for we seldom do business for such people a second time; they are generally hang'd or transported.

Sir Greg. But come, Mr. what-d'ye-call-um, if you please, Sir, we'll proceed to business.

Serj.

Serj. If you please, Sir, I have brought the parchment with me.

Sir Greg. Parchment! (*aside.*)

Serj. Ready stamp'd to your hand,

Sir Greg. I want nothing but a binding to the suit.—Why what the plague does the fellow mean? (*aside.*)

Serj. Sir, I would have you to understand, that I have more regard for my reputation, than to undertake any suit, more especially for a wedding, without a proper binding.

Sir Greg. Why, damn me, I mean to have a proper binding—I sent to you for the very purpose, but what the devil occasion is there for stamps?

Serj. In order to give validity to the articles of agreement.

Sir Greg. Articles of agreement!—damn me you shall have your money directly (*putting his hand in his pocket.*)

Serj. Sir!

Sir Greg. Hark ye, Sir, if you really cannot put on this binding without taking measure, why damn me do it at once (*buttoning his coat*) and make an end of it, or I shall send for another taylor, and try what he can do.

Serj. Taylor! another taylor! Sir, I must tell you that you are a very impudent fellow, to dare to insult one of his Majesty's Serjeants of the law.

Sir Greg. Ha! what the devil.

Serj. But it shall pass with impunity, I promise you.

Enter

Enter HARRY.

Harry. Sir, my master sent me to inform you, that he is waiting for you and the Serjeant in the great parlour.

Sir Greg. The Serjeant! Zounds, what a devil of a mistake *(aside)*; why, damn me, I thought it was the taylor you recommended to me.

Harry. Oh, dear Sir, this is Mr. Serjeant Glib, Sir, that attends our circuit.

Sir Greg. The devil it is *(aside)*. Sir, your most obedient humble servant *(takes the Serjeant by the hand)* upon my soul, Sir, I heartily beg your pardon.

Serj. As the whole, I perceive, has been nothing more than a misnomer, why it's all over, and there's an end on't.—A very extraordinary error *personæ* as ever I met with in the whole course of my practice. *[Exit Serjeant.]*

Sir Greg. Why, who the devil would have thought now but this had been the taylor!

Enter NEGUS, with HARRY and Waiters.

Negus. I am sorry, Sir Gregory, for the mistake that has happened between you and Mr. Serjeant Glib.

Sir Greg. Oh, never mention it, Mr. Negus, it's all over, and no harm meant. Well, Mr. Negus, are the Mayor and Aldermen ready?

Negus. In two minutes, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. I have taken a peep into the room; why, you've provided a noble supper, I see, and set off the sideboard with an elegant service of plate; zounds, there's enough in all conscience to furnish

furnish out a couple of May-day garlands, or serve a new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Negus. Why I'd wish to please you Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Well, come, Mr. Negus, we'll go before and be ready to receive them.

Negus. If you please, Sir.—Here Harry, be sure you shew the Mayor and Aldermen in the moment they're ready.

[*Exit Sir Gregory and Negus.*]

Harry. I hope the old gentleman intends making us a handsome present, for we have had nothing but trouble yet.

1st Wait. I'll warrant he'll not forget us when he has got his election, but I wish I may be put off with an odd tetter in the Jolly Bacchus, if I don't think that Capt. Allspice will carry it hollow.

Harry. Stand by, here they come, Mayor and Trainbearer, the halt and the lame, hoppy-kicky, first one leg and then the other, just as if both sides of the body natural, like the body politic, were divided, and could not go the same way.

Enter Mayor and Aldermen, who walk across the stage, the Mayor having his left leg shorter than his right, and train borne by a trainbearer whose right leg is shorter than his left.

Harry. This way, if your Worships please.

[*Exeunt Mayor and Aldermen.*]

Harry. The Mayor and Aldermen have too much regard for the constitution to do any thing at an election without properly attending to it. But Sir Gregory's family were always fond of good living; he had one brother in London that
first

first introduced mock turtle for the citizens breakfast, and another that died of a surfeit a swan-hopping. I wrote an elegy on his death; and if I don't touch up the Mayor and Aldermen, as soon as the election's over, damn me, my name isn't Harry Trash.

S C E N E III.

A Room.

Enter Sir GREGORY in haste, with a napkin pinned under his chin, and eating the leg of a turkey, followed by a Waiter.

Sir Greg. Captain Allspice! didn't you tell him I was engaged?

Waiter. Yes, Sir,

Sir Greg. What, with the Mayor and Aldermen, eating my supper?

Waiter. Yes, Sir, but he insisted upon seeing you directly, and swore like an Emperor he'd lower our topsails if we did not bring you to—

Sir Greg. Why, what the devil can he want with me? But shew him up, and d'ye hear? let me have this made a devil of.

[Gives him the napkin and leg of the turkey.]

Waiter. Egad, you'll have the devil himself in a minute or two (*aside*). Oh, here's the Captain himself, Sir.

[Exit Waiter.]

Enter Captain ALLSPICE hastily.

Allspice. Look ye, Sir, I am a man of few words, and must know whether you are Sir Gregory Gander or not. Damn me, I always like to look a-head before I sail (*aside*).

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Sir Greg.

Sir Greg. Why, Sir, my name, since you ask it, is Sir Gregory Gander; and, Sir, let me tell you, I am not ashamed of it.

Allspice. Why then, Sir Gregory Gander, I must tell you, that you have used me very ill.

Sir Greg. Very ill!

Allspice. Yes, damned ill, in coming down to oppose me in my election, after I had compleated my canvass. Zounds, if you had sailed fairly with me, I had not cared.

Sir Greg. Why, what the devil have I got a rival then, (*aside*) Sir, you may be disappointed for aught I know, in your canvass, but what the devil's that to me. All's fair at an election, an't it?

Allspice. Not by bribery, Sir Gregory. I hope it is no longer in the log-book of Administration. In one word, will you please to strike your colours and tack about?

Sir Greg. Strike my colours!

Allspice. Ay, Sir, and give up all farther chace of the prize.

Sir Greg. Sir, I'll sooner give up my life.

Allspice. Then damme, Sir Gregory, give me leave to tell you, that the whole affair shall be overhauled by a committee of the House of Commons—there's no false bottom'd vessels will get into port there. You had better change your course, I promise you.

Sir Greg. The House of Commons! why, what the devil has the House of Commons, or any of their committees, Sir, to do with me?—The young lady!——

Allspice. The young lady!

Sir Greg. Yes, Sir, the young lady—she has consented to give me her hand; and her father, and I, not five minutes ago, signed the marriage articles!

Allspice. The marriage articles!

Sir Greg. Yes, damn it, the marriage articles; and, Sir, to let you know, I wouldn't cancel them for all you are worth, and your ship and cargo, damn me, with all the pitch and tar belonging to it.

Allspice. Sure I haven't struck against a rock here (*aside*). Why zounds, haven't you come down here, and bribed old Negus for his interest in bringing you in to represent the borough in Parliament?

Sir Greg. Borough! no such thing (*laughs*). Laud, it's all a mistake, a confounded mistake.—Mr. Negus and I talk'd of a borough, indeed, but it was the young lady we meant, his daughter, Miss Maria, to whom I hope to be married to-morrow.

Allspice. Why, what the devil of a cruise have I been sent on (*half aside*). Sir, you'll excuse me, am I to understand then, that you have no intention of opposing me in my election for a member of Parliament?

Sir Greg. A member of Parliament! Zounds, I wouldn't sit in the House of Commons if they'd pay me for it; and make me a Lord in the next dozen of Irish Peers—I love my own elbow chair too well, and am satisfied with a sleep in *that* after dinner.

Allspice. And your errand down here was only to get spliced to old Negus's daughter?

Sir Greg. Old Negus's daughter! Sir, let me tell you, that you are very free—damn'd free. A senator of the British empire ought to be treated with more respect—there are no contractors among them now.

Allspice.

Allspice. A senator of the British empire;

Sir Greg. Yes, Sir, a senator of the British empire.

Allspice. Why, what the devil now does he mean (*aside*.)

Sir Greg. I tell you again, that I am going to be married to that gentleman's daughter—and pray, Sir, what have you to do with it?

Allspice. Old Negus a senator (*aside, and laughs*) Oh, nothing at all, Sir, I wish you a good voyage, Only take care that I don't catch you cruising for a single vote; for if I find you endeavouring to run down my election, damme, but I'll give you a broadside that shall send you to the bottom, old gentleman. [*Exit Captain Allspice.*]

Sir Greg. Broadside! what the plague will he give me a broadside for? Heaven knows I have no ambition to be a senator; I can make myself church-warden of my parish, and be more absolute, damme, than the whole Parliament put together.

Enter TWILIGHT.

Twilight. Please your honour, I hope no offence, but I had sooner sleep in a barn with a gang of gypsies in it than stay here. In the morning Boot-catcher told me I was more stupid than my master, and bid me lend him a hand.

Sir Greg. Lend him a hand!

Twilight. Yes, your honour, and asked me if I could wash bottles; and just now, please your honour, Mr. Negus's man wanted one of the drummers and a young fifer, that are in the house to have part of my bed.

Sir Greg. One of the drummers and a young fifer! why what the devil is all this?

Twilight.

Twilight. I don't know, your honour—I'm a fool, but I am wise enough not to stay here, so there's an end on't. [*Exit Twilight.*]

Sir Greg. I must enquire into this, for I would have Mr. Negus to know, that any indignity offered to my servant equally concerns me.

Enter NEGUS looking at a paper.

Negus. These rascals of mine havn't charged half enough, I am sure. Odso! why he looks as sour as vinegar, and seems upon the fret too, like a bottle of prick'd claret. I musn't let him go off though!—Sir Gregory!

Sir Greg. (returns) Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Negus, I didn't perceive you. Have you any commands for me?

Negus. I beg your pardon, Sir Gregory, but as it may be best to settle every thing before hand, if your honour pleases, I should be glad to know if you will have your own account distinct, and separate, from that of the Mayor and Aldermen.

Sir Greg. Distinct and separate from that of the Mayor and Aldermen?

Negus. Yes, Sir, because I have thrown the whole account together into one bill—will your honour please to look at it? (*Gives the bill*)

Sir Greg. Why, what the plague is all this?

Negus. There's nothing in it, Sir Gregory, but what you have had, and I do assure you, upon my honour, that we have gone to the very lowest charges in every article. I hope you'll not think it at all unreasonable—we hav'nt put down a farthing for the onions your servants rabbits were smothered with.

Sir Greg. Unreasonable! why what the devil have you given me?

Negus. Sir, I desire no more than to be paid for what you've had, which has been little enough, I'm sure. I suppose, Sir, you don't imagine that any inn in the world would receive you upon any other terms.

Sir Greg. An inn! why, damme, have I been in an inn then?

Negus. Laud, Sir, I thought you had know'd it.

Sir Greg. (*looking at the bill*) And what the devil am I to pay for the Mayor and Aldermen too?

Negus. I hope, Sir Gregory, you have no cause to complain. We have done every thing in our power, and I flattered myself we had given you satisfaction.

Sir Greg. Satisfaction! and what the devil am I to pay for the Mayor and Aldermen?

Negus. To be sure, for supporting you in your election.

Sir Greg. Election!

Negus. Why, yes, Sir, you have been a Candidate, haven't you?

Sir Greg. A Candidate! Why, yes, for your daughter.

Negus. My daughter! upon my word, Sir, this is the first I have ever heard of it.

Sir Greg. Why, damn it, didn't you send old Wrinkle to me just now with the marriage articles?

Negus. Not I, upon my honour.

Sir Greg. What, and you're not a member of parliament neither!

Negus. Old Negus a member of parliament! (*laughs*) alack-a-day, Sir, it's an honour I never dreamt of. I have some little interest indeed in the

the borough, and hoped, for the thousand pounds you agreed to pay me, to have assisted in placing you in parliament on the present vacancy.

Sir Greg. Oh, it's as clear as a piece of isinglass—as easily seen through as a slice of beef at Vauxhall. Why, Sir, this is all a scene of roguery—and if it should cost me twenty pounds, damn me, I'll make an example of every one that has dared to put a trick, for the first time, on Sir Gregory Gander.

Negus. I don't know what you mean? I only want to have what's due to me; and if you don't chuse to pay me my bill by fair means, why I shall take the proper steps to make you.

Sir Greg. Zounds, I don't know whether I step on my head or on my heels. Where's that old rascal of a lawyer? and where's the——

Enter MARIA.

Sir Greg. Oh, your servant, Ma'am.

Maria. Your servant, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. A word or two with you, if you please, Madam.

Maria. Oh, Sir, a whole history.

Sir Greg. Pray, Ma'am,—Zounds, I'm in such a passion I can hardly speak to her—Pray, Ma'am, did not you make me believe this was a gentleman's country-seat?

Negus. A gentleman's country-seat I very good—why, 'tis a handsome well-looking house, to be sure.

Sir Greg. I say, Ma'am, didn't you tell me this house was a gentleman's country-seat?

Maria. I did, Sir, but wonder you could ever have believed it.

Sir Greg. What it's an inn then?

Maria. It is indeed, Sir.

F

Negus.

Negus. Ah, damme, it has been an inn these fifty years; all the country knows that well enough.

Sir Greg. And your father's the inn-keeper?

Maria. He is indeed, Sir.

Negus. Yes, honest Negus, at your service, Sir Grégory.

Sir Greg. And you are no lady of 20,000*l.* fortune.

Maria. Not I indeed, Sir.

Negus. Twenty thousand! damn me, I wish you had half the money—ha! Maria?

Sir Greg. Zounds, I shall run mad?—but you have drawn me in to execute marriage articles?

Maria. No, Sir; all you have signed is an instrument to oblige you to do justice to your ward, and to pay me the annuity of which you meant to defraud me.

Sir Greg. An annuity! what then are you Hilary's!

Maria. The very same, Sir—that identical, ill-bred, unmannerly drab; and, though you have been pleased to praise my beauty, the ugliest wretch you ever saw in your life.

Sir Greg. And have not you tied me up to marry? Zounds, I'd rather be tied up to Tyburn,

Maria. So you may, Sir, and so would I too, before I would be bound to any such condition. Marry you! not for the Indies! Why, old and infirm as you are, you might have the impudence to live three or four years, perhaps.

Sir Greg. Very fine! invite me to an inn for a private house—tell me Old Negus, the innkeeper's a parliament man, and palm yourself upon me for a twenty-thousand pounder!

Maria.

Maria. Very true, Sir Gregory! but as you have only been prevailed on by stratagem to do what you ought to have done of your own accord, take my advice, old Gentleman, and never let the world know that you have been a fool, and would have been something worse.

Negus. Ay, ay, Sir Gregory, pay your bill, and say no more about it.

Maria. You had better take my father's advice, Sir.

Sir Greg. You're a saucy jade, but an arch hussy; and I believe I may as well submit, and strangle this piece of roguery in secret, or some petty-larceny rogue of an author may work it up into a novel, or a farce, and, damn me I shall be catalogued in all the circulating libraries in town, or brought out at the Haymarket.

THE END,

THE
OFFICE OF THE
SECRETARY OF THE
NAVY
WASHINGTON, D. C.

TO THE
HONORABLE
MEMBERS OF THE
NAVY
DEPARTMENT
WASHINGTON, D. C.



